

fore another remarkable chapter was added to the history of the deaths of those whom Mrs. Vermilya loved.

At noon today, Judge Walker of the municipal court, his clerk, several detectives and Lawyer Joseph R. Burres, representing the woman, crowded into the room where lay Mrs. Vermilya, recovering from the arsenic she swallowed Saturday night.

It was a strange scene in the bare little room, the walls of which are calcimined white, and which is hung about with photographs of the men, whom the police say, Mrs. Vermilya poisoned.

Mrs. Vermilya lay in bed, propped up by many pillows. Judge, court attaches, detectives, representatives of the district attorney's office and Mrs. Vermilya lawyer, crowded about the bed.

The clerk called the case of the People versus Vermilya, for the murder of Arthur Bissonette. The warrant was served.

Mrs. eVrmilya's lawyer moved that the case be continued for twenty days. The court so ruled, and ordered Mrs. Vermilya's removal to the hospital of the county jail.

Shortly after this, another woman entered into the case, and made a sworn statement, which entangles Mrs. Vermilya still more deeply in the net which the police are striving to hold her in.

She was Mrs. Elizabeth Nolan, 5716 Calumet avenue, former confidante of Mrs. Vermilya, and at one time engaged to Frank Brankamp, Mrs. Vermilya's son

by her first marriage.

Mrs. Nolan told Coroner Hoffman and a number of detectives,

That Frank Brinkamp originally was taken il lat Richmond, Va., and pronounced convalescent prior to his removal to Mrs. Vermilya's home in Chicago.

That a few days after his arrival here, he grew steadily worse.

That just before his death he exhibited symptoms which the coroner says are identical with arsenical poisoning.

(Further facts in the case will be printed in The Day Book tomorrow.)

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\* Here is the motto that \*  
\* hangs between photographs \*  
\* of Arthur Bissonette and \*  
\* Richard T. Smith on the wall \*  
\* of the Vermilya flat, in which \*  
\* Mrs. Vermilya today was ar- \*  
\* raigned for the murder of Bis- \*  
\* sonette: \*

\* Sleep sweetly in this pleasant \*  
\* room, O thou, whoe'er \*  
\* thou art, \*

\* And let no mournful yester- \*  
\* day disturb thy peaceful \*  
\* heart; \*

\* Nor let tomorrow mar thy \*  
\* rest with dreams of com- \*  
\* ing ill— \*

\* Thy Master is thy changeless \*  
\* friend; His love sur- \*  
\* rounds thee still. \*

\* Forget thyself and all the \*  
\* world; put out each fev- \*  
\* erish light— \*

\* The stars are shining over- \*  
\* head; sleep sweet—good- \*  
\* night! good-night! \*

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